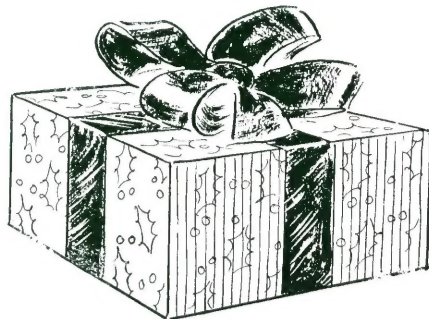


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The Student's Pen



December 1948

The Student's Pen

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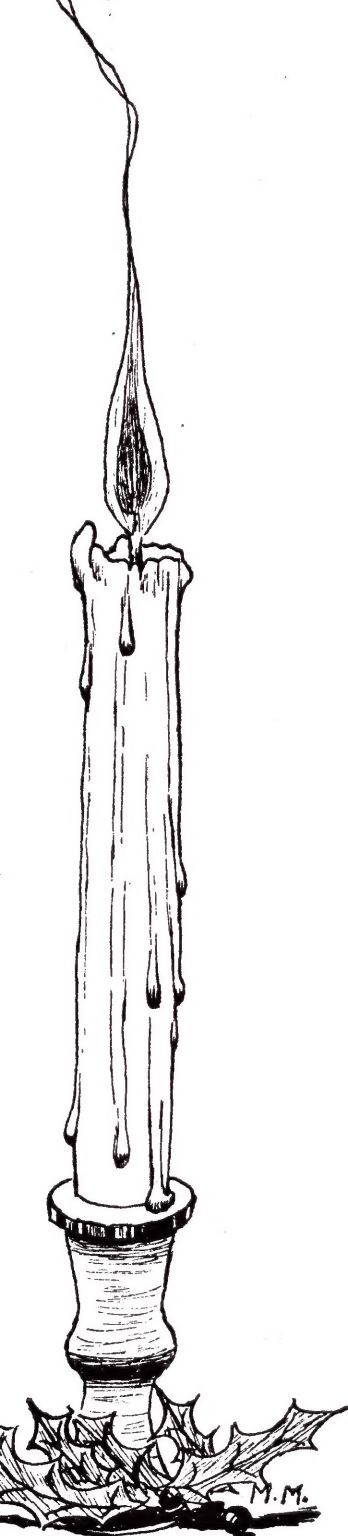
MR. WILLIAM HAYES

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Merry Christmas

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From the EDITOR'S DESK

What Shall I Give?

By Mary Bonneville

WHAT an amazing thing Christmas Spirit is! As December draws near, the holiday spirit gets its hold on nearly everyone. Our city fathers make the raising of the community Christmas tree the important event of the month. In every store, shoppers are buying with someone else in mind, and though shoved about and inconvenienced in all sorts of ways, still have cheery faces and a "Merry Christmas" for all.

Yet, two weeks later, all this good nature and cheer are just as passe as old gift wrappings. We seem to feel that a thought, shown by a gift, and a cheery greeting are just for the two weeks before Christmas, and they are abandoned without regret once December 25 has passed.

Just why do we act this way when there isn't any need of such behavior? We could go through the whole year shopping for others. Isn't a little favor a gift of happiness? If we become truly generous, we can give our most precious present, a bit of ourselves, tied with a kind thought and wrapped in a smile. These are gifts we may give every day of the year.

The preservation of Christmas spirit is logical, too. After all, Christ gave himself without reservation, and He didn't work just forty hours. He, as a perfect example for all men, could not sanction the putting away in mothballs of the part of us which we display

so well at Christmas, the part that recognizes the meaning of Christmas and the need of spreading happiness and cheer.

Naturally such gifts have their price. For the short-tempered, it is an effort to remember what Shakespeare said about a soft answer. For many, it is difficult to greet the morning with a smile. Nor is he alone who must train himself to be thoughtful and tactful. Yet the consolation these gifts bring in the knowledge that they will always fit and be suitable, and will be returned gratefully and willingly in kind, is enough to warrant our paying whatever they cost.

As the year draws to a close, what better time is there for each one of us to take account of himself? Indeed, it may even hurt to realize the things we could have given but didn't. Still we can make that pain serve us by burning a resolution on our hearts to make the coming year compensate for past neglects.

It's not an easy thing to do—to make a resolution and then keep it, but perhaps when we next say the words, "Merry Christmas" we may promise ourselves to stop and say, "Please, Lord, help me to keep the Christmas spirit in my heart. Not only for this short season, but for the year to come and all my life, give me the courage and the wisdom to give generously the gifts that make this life have meaning."

The Greatest Gift

By Diana Fink

THE greatest gift one person can give to another is love. At this season when our hearts warm readily to our fellow man, the spirit of love and brotherhood encircles the world.

The story I am going to tell concerns the longing for love of three people and how they found it. Their story may help prove to those sceptics who have lost their faith in humanity that there is still hope for the peoples of the world to live together in peace and harmony.

Winter came early to New York in 1946. The last days of fall, so full of warmth and sunshine, retreated early under the onslaught of Old Man Winter. Central Park exchanged her bizarre suit of autumn colors for the fluffy white of her winter dress. Her pond relinquished its toy sailboats for the crisp clicking of ice skates.

The fog horn far out on the Hudson sounded mournful and sad, like the wail of a lost soul.

A lost soul! Mary Marsh sat upright in bed. The mist of early morning floated in through the open window, carrying with it the last woeful strains of the fog horn and the piping answer of a tug far out in the harbor.

The sounds were akin to her life, she thought, woeful, lonely,—empty. The persistent feeling of utter dejection that had haunted her in the past year pressed against her heart like a heavy iron door,—a door without a key.

How could one human being's life, she pondered, change so radically in the space of twelve months? Why had her once full, rich life become such a shadow of its former self?

She remembered Tiny, as she would forever. Each detail of the child was impressed deep into her mind. She remembered the long

blond curls, the sparkling blue eyes; she heard the merry sound of the child's laughter. She remembered how much pleasure she and Peter had had in doing things for their little girl; she remembered the plans they had made for her future.

For a moment she was almost happy, but then the cold terror gripped her again, and the iron door snapped shut.

It had been only a year ago—the last Christmas. She and Peter had bought Tiny her first pair of ice skates and had been on their way to the park so she might have her first real taste of winter fun. The merry laughter of the three had rung out above the din of New York's holiday traffic. There was a scream, a grinding screech of brakes!

"Peter! Look out!"

The days of the year that had passed since the accident melted into obscurity, and Mary Marsh relived every painful detail of the tragedy. She relived the long hours of anxious waiting, the knowledge that she and Peter had survived unscathed, but that their daughter had been gravely injured. She again paced the hospital corridor for those dim hours, and again looked into the sympathetic face of the doctor as he said, "I'm sorry, but we did everything we could."

It had been a long year for Mary and Peter. Tiny had been their only child; they knew they could have no more. Mary wondered if they would ever be happy again.

Peter opened his eyes and gazed at the shadowy ceiling. He, too, had been thinking for a long time. It had been hard for him to accept the fact of Tiny's death, but Peter was more practical than Mary. This thinking, this brooding, was bad for her. What they both needed was someone to love—not to replace Tiny, but to fill up that awful gap that had been made by her passing. Peter

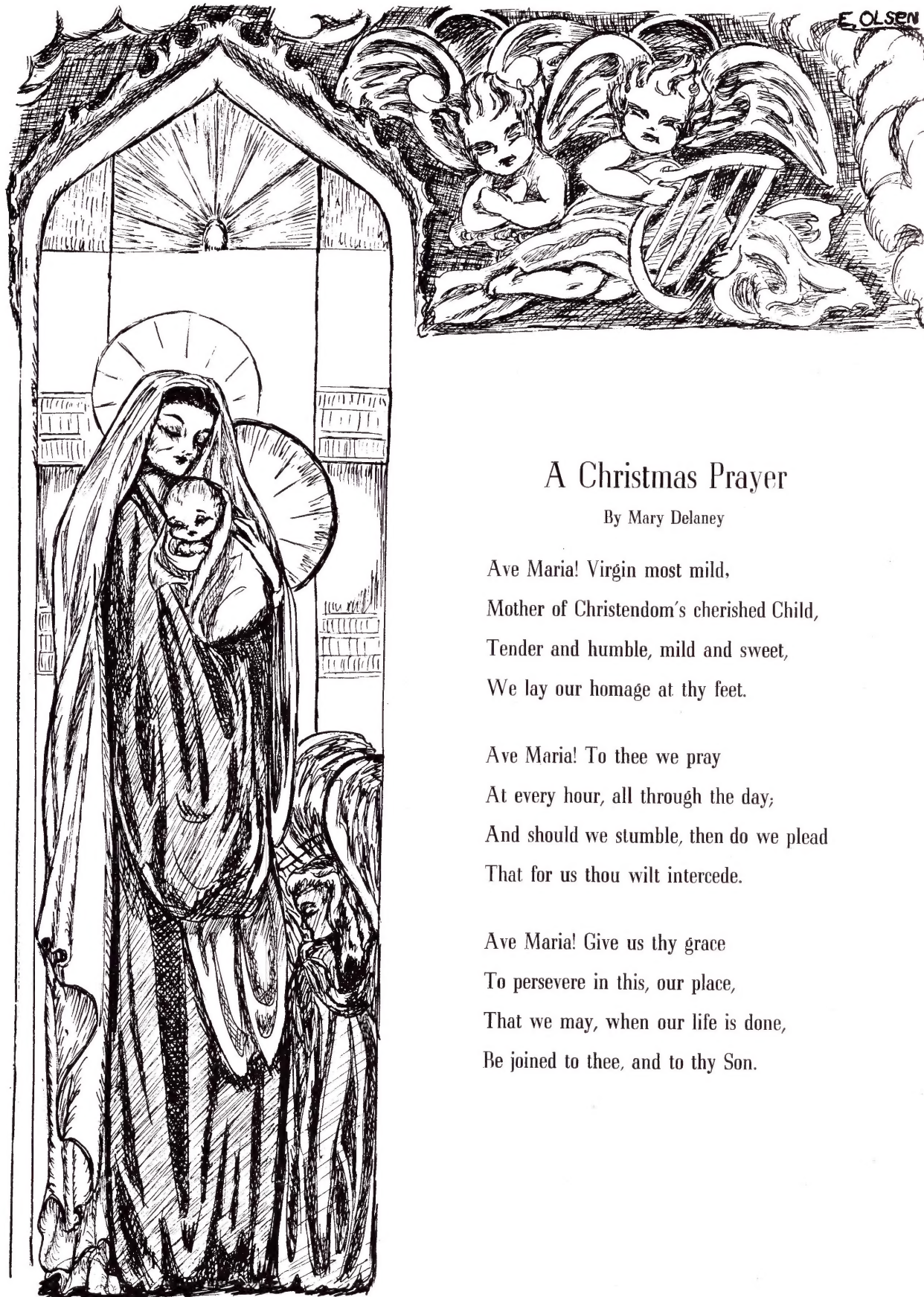
A Christmas Prayer

By Mary Delaney

Ave Maria! Virgin most mild,
Mother of Christendom's cherished Child,
Tender and humble, mild and sweet,
We lay our homage at thy feet.

Ave Maria! To thee we pray
At every hour, all through the day;
And should we stumble, then do we plead
That for us thou wilt intercede.

Ave Maria! Give us thy grace
To persevere in this, our place,
That we may, when our life is done,
Be joined to thee, and to thy Son.



had been entertaining the idea for the past few weeks. He looked at his wife and shuddered at the apathy in her eyes. Now was the time.

"Mary," he whispered in a half audible tone, "I've been thinking about this for a long time. Why don't we adopt a child?"

The words came tumbling over each other in his haste to make himself understood. It wouldn't be an attempt to replace Tiny, to forget her. They needed someone to love, someone to plan for. Why they could even go to Europe! There must be some war-orphaned child in Europe who needed them—and whom they needed. The trip would be beneficial, and maybe somewhere they could find the child who would unlock the iron door, a child who held the key to their happiness.

Mary Marsh looked at her husband. She was an unhappy woman but not unreasonable. "I doubt if it will do any good, Peter, but we can go. You need the change."

Preparations were begun. With infinite patience Peter made the necessary arrangements. On a frosty February morning they left LaGuardia field on a TWA transport—destination Paris.

The last days of winter lingered on, but the first signs of spring struggled into existence. The sun shed its warmth over the graceful Parisian boulevards. The tables of the Coq Rouge had been placed outside so that the patrons might enjoy the mild spring air. Peter looked at his wife as he put down his glass.

"What next? We've tried almost every orphanage in Paris with no success."

They had seen children, of course, many of them. They had seen babies and little children, girls and boys, some half starved, others frightened, all lonely. But nowhere had they met a child who healed the sore spot in their hearts, the one for whom they had made the trip. Each visit to an institution had left Mary more saddened. After the first few weeks she had begun to slip even

deeper into the lethargy of the disheartened. Further search seemed pointless.

"Mary, there is one more place I'd like to try. It's a home for war orphans about five miles outside of the city. Will you come? What can we lose?"

What could they lose? They paid their bill and hailed a taxi.

The massive proportions of the building created a cold and impersonal atmosphere. It was like a sign telling them that what they sought could not be found within its walls. But Peter lifted the heavy door knocker, and let it drop with a resounding clash.

A stern, elderly matron opened the door, and they were ushered into a hall of vast proportions.

"You've come to see the children, I take it." The voice matched the cold massiveness of the building.

Without another word she conducted them to the nursery where the children were engaged in the imaginative games that are born only in the minds of children. The Marshes gazed resignedly at the group. They were the same as all other war orphans in France. They were pathetic, frightened, and lonely, lacking the love and attention that is the right of all children.

Suddenly one of the youngsters threw down the house he was building and ran to the matron. His hair was blond and curly, and his eyes, blue as forget-me-nots, welled with unshed tears. "I can't do it!" he cried. "I can't build my house!"

Peter was suddenly filled with an overwhelming urge to throw his arms around the boy and wipe away his tears. He turned to Mary, but the look in her eyes made speech unnecessary. She, too, had been struck by the boy, by that ineffable feeling that drew them to him. The iron door on her heart burst open. The Marshes had found a son.

The mist in New York harbor still carries

the mournful strains of the fog horn, but as it wafts in through the open window of the Marsh home, it is heard by happy ears. The Marshes have the promise of a happy future, a future filled with memories of a child who

was once theirs, and with dreams for the son who now belongs to them! They are happy, for the Marshes and their son now share with each other God's greatest gift to man,—the gift of love.

Christmas Parade

By Dorothy Green

LONG years ago in Bethlehem, our Lord, Jesus Christ, was born. Wise men came from Judea, bringing gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh which were used in offering sacrifices. The wise men gave these gifts to the royal child. Ever since that time, Christmas has been marked by the giving of gifts and has been celebrated the world over by young and old.

Who does not remember the Christmas celebrations of his childhood? How well I recall the good times my brother Dug and I had on Christmas Eve. Hanging up the stockings; Dad trying frantically to decorate the Christmas tree to meet everyone's approval; Dug and I under foot, breaking bulbs and being very annoying, although we were just trying to help; Mother doing the last minute baking in the kitchen,—all these are pleasant memories. Later in the evening listening to the Christmas programs on the radio and singing Christmas carols thrilled all of us. How delighted we were on Christmas morning as we took the gifts out of our stockings, to find presents wrapped in fancy papers and tied with lovely bows. And what fun it was to tear the wrappings off, our fingers trembling in our eagerness. Everyone was content with his gifts, and no one complained. We all had the Christmas spirit.

But what is Christmas now? Yes, what is Christmas now in nineteen forty-eight?

Surely Christmas isn't as it used to be when we were little tots. Now it lasts too long, and when Christmas day is here, one does not think much of it. No wonder! With merchants selling Christmas cards four months before Christmas, and advertisements blaring over the radio every half hour, one becomes tired of the very word "Christmas" long before the day arrives. Today, November 15, is a beautiful, sunny day. The grass is still green, and the air is as balmy as spring; but up in the park, the giant Christmas tree is already in place, and its four attendant trees are waiting to be decorated. Christmas, before we have even celebrated Thanksgiving!

For many parents, Christmas is not pleasant any more. How can it be with ice skates costing twenty dollars and dolls that used to cost five dollars, costing ten or fifteen dollars now? Junior complains because his new wagon is twice as small as he expected it to be, and Lois is disappointed that she received only a single strand of pearls instead of the double one she wanted. Needless to say, parents have had headaches the past few Christmases trying to satisfy their demanding offspring.

The Christmas spirit is slowly dying. Why? Because Christmas starts even before Thanksgiving is over. By the time the holiday is here, we have lost interest even in the word "Christmas".



Star Dust

By Mary Bonneville

YES, something was wrong! On Christmas Eve, every boy should be perfectly happy, but if anyone had stood outside Jimmy's bedroom, he would have known all was not well, for long sobs could have been heard coming from the direction of the bed. (Oh, it was a bed, with sides, of course. No six-year-old would sleep in a crib!)

Doubtless, Jimmy would have cried all night, if an amazing thing had not occurred. As he glanced toward the foot of his bed, he suddenly saw a round glowing light which became larger and larger. As it grew in size, Jimmy's eyes grew wider and rounder. In fact, he was so surprised that he stopped crying altogether, for there, sitting in the

circle of light and perched on the foot of his bed was a person about his size whose white gown and red hair, Jimmy was sure he had never seen before.

"Wh—Who are you?" he stammered.

"Humph," came the answer, "Can't you see these wings on my back? Why do you think I've got a halo? I'm an angel, of course. Such a silly question!"

"But— But—"

"Oh, I know. You've been told all angels are blonde. That's not so at all, as you can see. Well, what is it?"

"What is it?"

"Yes, why are you crying in this shameful manner? That's my job you know—to call on

any boy or girl who cries on Christmas Eve and see what's wrong. Well?"

"Well," began Jimmy somewhat reluctantly, for he was not accustomed to talk to angels, "I was out sliding this afternoon with Billy. I asked him what he wanted Santa to bring tonight and he said—he said that there's no such person as Santa Claus and that there's not any use in hanging up a stocking or anything 'cause he won't be around, and—" Jimmy just couldn't finish with that lump in his throat.

"Humph!" exclaimed the angel, "Such nonsense. Just forget everything you heard and listen to me. There is a Santa, and there always will be, but you have to believe in him before he'll come. He can't stop at a home where no one cares about him. Leave a door open so that he can get in, and a light so he won't trip over footstools and things. If you really believe and show him that you do, he'll come!"

"Is that true?"

"True? Of course it is. Do you think I'd say so if it weren't? Look here! I'll leave you something to help you remember and believe. Each time you see it sparkle, you'll think of me, and remember that you have to believe in St. Nick before he exists. Have a little faith, and your stocking will be filled." So saying, from out of nowhere he produced a small jar, inside of which there was a silvery sparkling substance.

"What's that?"

"Stardust, naturally. That's what puts sparkle in your eyes when you look up at the stars. Before I can give it to you, you have to promise to believe that Saint Nick is going to come tonight. Promise?"

"Oh, I promise—for tonight!"

"That's not much of a promise, but it's all that's necessary—as long as you keep it! Goodnight! Merry Christmas!"

Quicker than anyone would think possible, he was gone. Jimmy wouldn't have believed

the whole incident had happened if the jar, its contents glowing as it rested on the flattened top of the bed-post, had not been in plain sight.

Now, it may seem incredible, but it was true. The next morning the jar still stood there giving off a silvery glow, and downstairs beneath the Christmas tree and in his stocking, were the most wonderful gifts Jimmy had ever received.

Well, that just goes to show you. If you have faith, make a little effort, and look high enough, who knows what may happen? You may even see stardust twinkling the next time it's dark!

Year's End

By Dolores Ferrero

AS the year draws towards its close, the bells begin chiming for the most glorious of all holidays, Christmas, Christ's birthday.

The Christmas of 1948 promises to be a peaceful one for America. As we bow our heads in reverent prayer on that occasion, let us bring to mind the men and women who willingly risked their lives, so that we might have these peaceful holidays.

Let us pray, also, in thanksgiving,—thanksgiving for the home in which we live, for the abundance of food which we have to eat, and thanksgiving, most of all, for the United States, with the beauty and variety of its landscape, for the fertility of its plains, the wealth of its resources, the strength and integrity of its citizens, and the greatness of its opportunity.

Let us resolve to be worthy of our great land, to forgive our enemies, and to feel love and charity towards all mankind.

With this in mind we shall have a Merry Christmas, and there will be "peace on earth; good will towards all men."



The Fad of Square Dancing

By Howard Nonken and Albert Romasco

"Brush off yer chin, pull down yer vest an dance with th' girl that you love best.

"Sets in order! All join han's an' circle t'th' left, th' other way back, yer goin' wrong; do-si-do yer corner; do-si-do yer own—"

The scrape of the fiddles and the merry laughter of the dancers drew me into the cheery atmosphere of the Armory. Feet were twinkling, skirts swirling, and faces glistening as the first set commenced with "Dive for the Oyster", one of New England's favorite square dances.

Possibly a large factor of the square dance's popularity is due to its eye appeal. The on-lookers enjoy the dance almost as much as the participants. The sets of dancers twirling about to the lilting music of the fiddles and

deftly exchanging position from one partner to another,—all of this provides a colorful and unusual scene.

However, not all of the fun of square dancing lies in watching. Younger folk consider it great sport to swing and promenade, adding flourishes with unrestrained vigor. Boys and girls dance merrily, forgetting their habitual shyness amidst such excitement, thus overcoming one of the biggest barriers of modern youth at a dance—the lack of courage to go out on the floor in front of their friends. Oldsters delight in obtaining familiarity with all the dances so as to achieve an impeccable style.

The cooperation necessary for a square dance unfailingly produces good fellowship. While square dancing, people are thrown to-

gether. They must perform as a team, and together they share the satisfaction of a mutual accomplishment.

Learning to square dance is not as difficult as it might appear. The beginners soon become aware of the similarity of pattern in most of the numerous calls, and then their grotesque attempts begin to resemble the orderly and harmonious style of the experienced dancers. At first the inarticulate cant of the caller will be hard to follow, but with practice one learns to anticipate his call and thus better understand him.

Young and old mingle and dance together to the lively tunes, and what a good time they have! Cares and worries are forgotten as the dancers weave back and forth and 'round about, and the caller's voice rings forth, "An when ya meet cher partner, yaknow what t'do;
You swing her, an' she'll swing you.
Then ya promenade 'er, you know where,
You take 'er to a nice, soft chair."

A CHRISTMAS DREAM

By Dolores Bernardo

The snow's heaped high outside the door,
The tree is trimmed with gifts galore.

The children sing their carols gay,
And all is fun the live-long day.

Inside the house it's warm and bright,
For old Saint Nick is coming tonight.

And there's no doubt he's on his way
With a bag of toys in his bright red sleigh.

Mom's in the kitchen, baking sweets,
A batch of cookies for Santa to eat.

Each little child is snug in bed,
And under the covers rests each little head,

For dreaming of what Saint Nick will bring,
Can certainly be the pleasantest thing!!

WHAT I'D LIKE FOR CHRISTMAS

Poor Santa is going to have a mighty hard time filling all these varied requests at P. H. S. Just look and see what some of them are!!!

BETTY BIANCHI—A "Tony" wave.

"HANK" RANSFORD—A book entitled, "How to Understand Women!"

MARLENE BISHOP—A new car, "Austin" that is!

BOB TAYLOR—Another pink shirt.

JAMES CEDARSTROM—A "Pogo Stick" to get me to class!!

RUTH THOMPSON—A statue of "Marble-head" for Mr. Massimiano's room!!!

MISS RIESER—New fluorescent lights in the typing rooms so that the students can find their own errors!

ROSEMARY MONTEROSSO—What I want wouldn't fit under my Christmas tree!

PETER LOMBARDI—A new Cadillac with a beautiful red head in it!

MARY ELLEN HILL—"Al" lot of things!

"DON" MOREHEAD—Mr. Davidson's answer book for all my chemistry tests!

MARTHA RANSFORD—Longer intermissions between periods so that I can get to classes on time.

DUANE BROWN—A "Chick" en dinner!

MISS HAYLON—A trip to New Orleans.

DAVID BETZ—A pool table so I can practice up and beat Sleeper!

THELMA BERTOLINO—A new device that will keep me from growing any taller!

JOE BARRY—A Power's model to take to the Junior Prom!

SARAH BAZZANO—A portable radio so I can listen to the Yankees win the World Series next year.

"DON" AGAR—A wolf whistle for my car!
MR. SHIELDS—A thirty-five foot, double-ended ketch.

HANNAH BEST—A "male" doll with curly hair.

MISS DORIS CARMEL—A class of quiet pupils and then I'll really have a Merry Christmas!

What Have We Done To Santa Claus?

By Barbara Bissell



"Upon the house top the reindeers pause,

Out jumps dear old Santa Claus.

Down through the chimney with loads of toys,

All for the children's Christmas joys."

Our forefathers took the Christmas tree and Santa Claus from the Germans. In the old legends, Santa Claus was a thin, drab fellow in a brown suit and a peaked cap, who carried a sack over his shoulder. But somewhere along the line, this drab individual was transformed into the fat, jolly, lovable, old gent with the flowing whiskers and red suit. Santa really came to life, and for centuries children have dreamed about him at Christmas time.

If any generation of the human race has ever managed to mess up a sweet creation and destroy a beautiful illusion, the present generation has done it.

We have set Santa up in business, and having done so, what have we got?

First we have the street-corner Santa Claus, who wears a tattered, ill-fitting Santa suit. A walk down the main street of any city with its collection of tall, short, fat, thin Santa Clauses, shivering from the cold and clanking their little bells, is enough to spoil Christmas for any child.

Next we have the department store Santa Claus. He more closely resembles our mental picture of the dear old saint, but he is just as dangerous a fraud as the street-corner Santa. Tots climbing into his lap can see that he is wearing a false wig and false whiskers. They can feel the stuffing under his tunic. But the tragic point is that he is duplicated. A couple of visits to different stores, and the children know that the whole thing is a fake. Their eyes, at first alight with eagerness and trust, become bleak with disillusionment as the stark reality becomes apparent.

What have we done to this wonderful person who leaves toys and presents for the children? We have commercialized him for the merchants. We have destroyed the faith of little children. We have perpetrated a fraud.

"CHRISTMAS SCENE"

By Ella Diczynski

The day has come, there's snow and ice,
The wreaths are hung that look so nice.
The chimes are chorusing a line,
Telling a tale with hymns sublime.
Majestic in its glittering splendor,
Our tree enhances a scene that is tender.
The table is set, the turkey is done,
Little Timmy shouts, "Gosh, this is fun!"
The family's assembled, our faces are gay,
For everyone knows, it's CHRISTMAS today!

Winter Wonderland

By Ella Diczynski

MANY poets who, doubtless, have Prestone or some other winter anti-freeze running through their blood have written countless beautiful poems describing the lovely white blanket of snow which adorns our New England countryside at this season of the year. However, these vivid descriptions of "diamond-like snowflakes swirling and dancing in Nature's ballet" leave me utterly cold—ice cold!! (Ah-choo!)

Nary one of us has been fortunate enough not to have had to shovel away the tons of snow which congest our sidewalks and driveways each winter. On our way to school, all of us have had to trudge through the deep snow gathered after a heavy snowfall. That's right! Get your snow-shovel and dig in. There is enough snow for everyone!!

Ice, the skater's joy, is all right in its place, which is not hidden under snow. If, perchance, you see your neighbor with his arm or leg in a sling or cast, nine times out of ten you will find that the mishap occurred because of unseen ice. In short, ice is merely a form of snow that has found a way to be more troublesome.

"I turned and looked back upward.
The whole sky was blue;
And the thick white flakes floating at a pause
Were but frost knots on an airy gauze,
With the sun shining through."*

Volumes of poems have been written praising the merits of snow, but I challenge anyone to write a poetic line about slush. Slush is that treacherous fiend that descends as snow, rapidly becomes deliquescent, and in no time at all makes boots a "must" for walking. It lies in wait for the unwary, entraps him with its harmless appearance; then, swish!! it splashes into action, spattering him with freezing droplets; and oops!!

down he goes, his pride and his trousers considerably dampened.

Here in the Berkshires, skiing is a popular sport. Perennially, avid skiers look forward to the first snowfall and hail its arrival with words of praise. I, too, belonged to the band of snow-worshippers until one fateful day. There was I, crouched at the crest of a steep hill. Using my poles, I pushed myself down, and off I went. What fun, what sport, what!! What's that? That tree wasn't there last year!! OOOH!!! Well, we all can't be Verne Goodwins, and I've still got my cast as a memento.

I suppose I'll spend the rest of my life here in the Berkshires, so I shall have to accustom myself to these winter conditions. If I've seemed too captious, it is because I'm a summer sunshine girl. I loathe "the icy fang and churlish chiding of the winter's wind." Let the poets continue to write about winter's "fragile, filigree snow petals", but for me, my slippers, robe, and hot water bottle, please!!!

*Taken from "After-Flakes" by Robert Frost



WHO'S WHO



LITTLE MISS

A little miss with a lot of personality, that's Elaine Paduano. "Sparky", as she is known by all her friends, is co-chairman of Christmas Decorating Committee, a member of Sigma-Tri-Hi-Y, and a member of the Senior Class Council. Elaine loves to talk (on the phone or otherwise). As far as food is concerned, pop corn heads the long list. Horseback riding is her favorite sport, with archery a close second. Making good in college is Elaine's ambition, and we know she'll succeed!



INDISPENSABLE

"Diz"—that's her nickname. (Honest, it is!) Contrary to that, however, this pert senior copes with her many responsibilities very capably. Ella Dizenzo is School Notes Editor of THE PEN, President of Delta Tri-Hi-Y, Home Room Treasurer, and a member of the Christmas Tree Decorating Committee. She has been on the championship bowling team for the past two years. Among her many likes are "Deep Purple", Italian food, all sports, history and Miss Kaliher, and college men. Pet peeve? Homework!! Her ambition is to be a reporter, and we think she is well on her way.



FOOTBALL HERO

The owner of that pair of shoulders is none other than our own star tackle, James "Chunky" Danford. When "Chunky" is not playing football, he is watching it. However, football isn't his only interest. He likes steaks and French fries, and the tune "Button and Bows" is his favorite song. When asked about girls, he gave his slow smile and said, "I like them all!" After graduation, he plans to enter the army. Good luck, "General".

December, 1948

15

CHUBBY

Everyone will recognize this picture as that of Charles Barris, popular P. H. S. senior. Chubby is the co-manager of our hockey team, a member of the Student Council, and of the Senior Class Council. If you visit the Oasis, there will be Chubby to welcome you as the Oasis' co-chairman of hosts.

As for girls, he says, quote, "I despise girls." But the tone of his voice gives us the benefit of a doubt. His favorite food is steak and french fries.

For an all-round P. H. S. boy, we give three cheers to Chubby Barris.



CARL LUNDE

Students, meet Carl Lunde. This active senior is secretary of the Rifle Club, a member of the rifle team, editor of photography in THE STUDENT'S PEN, co-chairman of photography in the Yearbook, and a member of the cap and gown committee. Carl's favorite band is Spike Jones's, his favorite expression is "peasant." As for girls, Carl thinks they're all "O.K."

In the future, Carl would like to be an industrial photographer for General Motors.

"RED"

Glowing face, beaming smile, blazing hair, that is Thomas Hamilton, better known as "Red". He has the big job of being the editor of the Yearbook. He was also manager of this year's football team. Among his many likes are chocolate malts, hamburgs, basketball, and U. S. History. As for girls, they are okay, some of them! Red's pet peeve is, after much thought, trigonometry! His immediate aim is college.





By Helen Giftos

With the coming of the Christmas holidays we shall, no doubt, see many of our P. H. S. alumni home from college. Here's the latest news to bring you up to date on who goes where.

Christopher A. Barreca, '46, once active in P. H. S. operettas, has completed eighteen months in the army and is now a freshman at Boston University.

Marilyn Shaughnessy, '48, on the art staff of THE PEN last year, is in her freshman year at Lasell Junior College.

Athena D. Giftos, '46, is a junior at Bates College in Lewiston, Maine. Athena has been chosen proctor and vice-president for her junior year.

Athena G. Giftos, '46, is a sophomore at Smith College. Also in the sophomore class at Smith is Margaret Beahan, P. H. S., '47.

Louis Spellios, '45, has entered his sophomore year at the University of Indiana. Louis is an army veteran and post-graduate of P. H. S.

Miriam Kollman, '45, has entered her sophomore year at Marshall College, Huntington, West Virginia.

Emma Jones, '48, is enrolled as a freshman at Hood College in Frederick, Maryland. Ruth McKean, '47, is a sophomore at Hood.

Mary C. Morano, '46, is a junior at the University of Massachusetts.

Charlotte Blackwell, '48, is in her freshman year at Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S. C.

Grace Hough has returned to Skidmore College to complete her junior year. Grace

has been listed in the "Who's Who In College".

Barbara Stickles, also of '48, is a freshman at the Boston University College of Liberal Arts.

Howard Broverman, '48, has been enrolled as a freshman at R. P. I. Also enrolled here is Rene Moser.

Harry Hovey, '48, is in his freshman year at R. P. I. in Troy. Harry is studying civil engineering.

Leona Cone, a member of the freshman class at Russell Sage College, has been elected president of her residence house on campus. Leona is majoring in home economics.

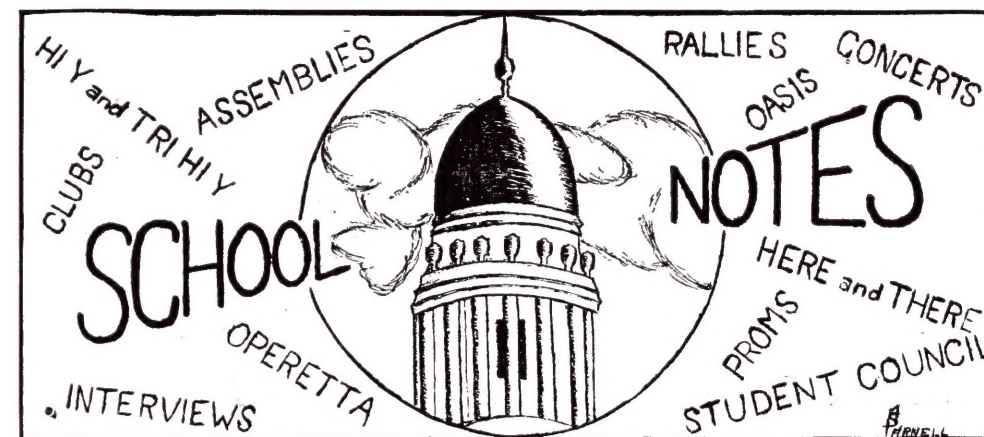
Genevieve Hunt, '46, has graduated from Boston University where she took a two-year course. She is now employed as a librarian at the university.

Elinor Bonin, fashion plate of '46, and graduate of Mount Ida Junior College has taken a position at the Besse-Clark department store.

Jean Murphy, also of '46, has finished her course at Albany Hospital and is now serving with a hospital in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. as an X-ray technician.

Lillian Francese is fulfilling her ambition to become that interior decorator this year. She is in her last year at the Modern School of Art and Design in Boston.

Jacqueline Gagnier, class of '47, former editor of the Alumni Notes and class secretary of her senior class, has started a career in the glamour world. She is training to become a beautician.



Ella Diczno, Editor

Charles Barris, Dolores Bernardo, Irma Bosma, John Coughlin, Jacquelyn Ferguson, June Gaviorno, Diamond Gregory, Clair Hurley, Jean Krook, Helen Maniatis, Miriam Najimy, Elaine Paduano, Faith Whiting, Kris Ginthwain

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

This season's Christmas tree is one of the biggest and prettiest trees that P. H. S. has ever had. Who of us has not noticed it in our main lobby. Its gay presence lends a festive air to our school and all of us have stopped to admire it on our way to class. The lovely decorations were generously contributed by the senior class.

Our appreciation for the fine job is extended to the Christmas decorating committee. Elaine Paduano and her co-chairman William Thompson, assisted by the following: Ann Cooney, Ella Diczno, Jacquelyn Ferguson, Clair Hurley, Phyllis Lisi, Martha Ransford, Warren O'Brien, Russell Peaslee, Edward Slater, William Stumpek, Wayne Tatro, and Alfred Uhlig, deserve much credit for the time they spent in decorating it and the really splendid job they did.

STUDENT COUNCIL ELECTIONS

Student Council elections held early in November, presented the Council with an able group of officers.

Verne Goodwin was chosen president. The other officers elected were:—Barbara Depew, vice-president; Rosemary Montorosso, secretary; Ruth Ann Pharmer, assistant-secretary.

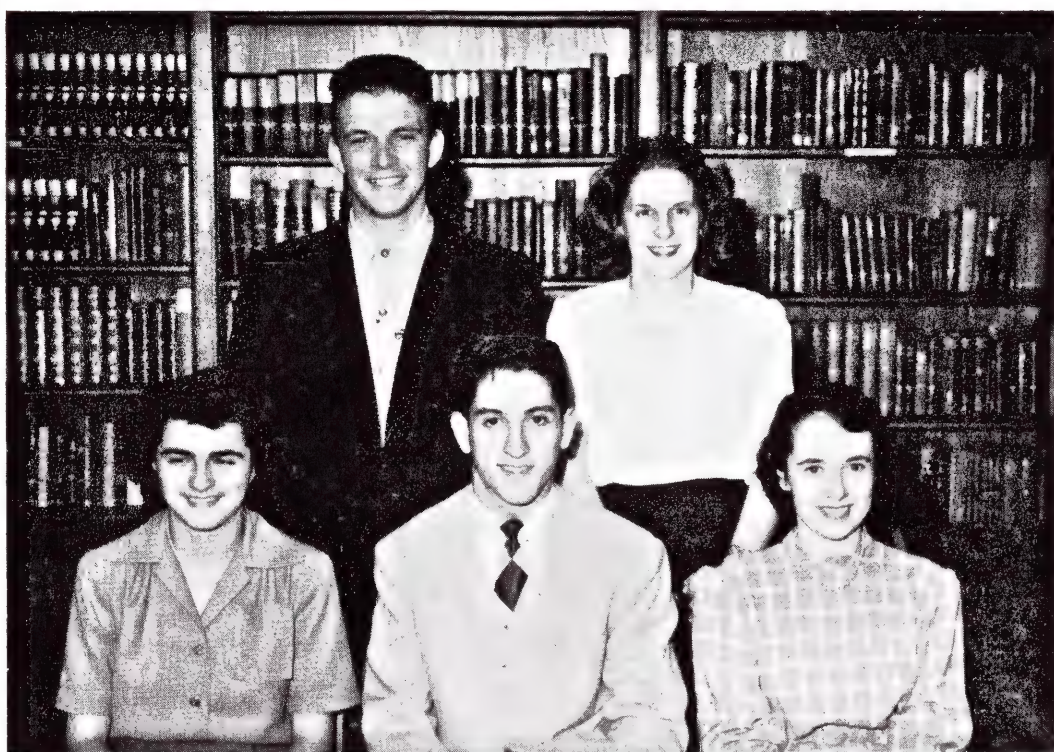
The Student Council members are as follows: Seniors, Anthony Sacchetti, James Edmonds, Edward Grady, Charles Barris, Ann Bossidy, Helen Wood, Dorothy Green, and Norma Carosso; juniors, Donald Morehead, Richard Valenti, Richard Holleran, Diane Shuster, Margery Lyman; sophomores, Charles Walters, Edward Cohen and Marlene Bishop.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

We are pleased to see that the Vocational Course has placed a representative among the senior class officers for the second year. Edward Grady, a Machine Shop student, is vice president of the senior class.

For the first time since the Student Council has been in existence, there are representatives from the Vocational Department on it. These representatives are Edward Grady and your reporter, Charles Barris. We hope that this representation on the Student Council and class officers will continue, if not increase, in the future.

Santa Claus has stopped off at the Pittsfield Vocational School. He has very kindly left a few machines and tables in the drafting room. These machines are of the type which are used at the General Electric plant. They eliminate the use of a T square, scale, triangle, and a few other implements.



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Standing: Edward Grady, Boy Vice President; Anne Bossidy, Girl Vice President.
Seated: Vivian Traversa, Treasurer; Anthony Sacchetti, President; Virginia Pratt, Secretary.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

The various committees of the Senior Class are busy with their respective duties. Plans for the yearbook, under the editorship of Thomas Hamilton, are well underway.

The second ring order has been sent in and the seniors are anxiously waiting for the arrival of their rings. Those seniors who received their rings in the first order are sporting them in grand fashion. The chairman of the Ring Committee, Albert Romasco, is to be commended for his excellent work in seeing that the rings were delivered as ordered.

Helen Wood and Verne Goodwin, our operetta co-chairmen, have selected their various committees and they are going ahead with their plans to make this year's operetta a great success.

FUN FOR ALL

It was *Fun For All* on November 4 and 5 when the Kiwanis Club staged a hilarious varsity show to raise money for P. H. S. band uniforms. The whole school made a fine showing as they pitched in wholeheartedly to help outfit their band. Students sold nine hundred tickets.

Parodies on several radio programs were featured, and some of Hollywood's "glamour girls" appeared (looking more muscular than usual). Al Jolson was there, too, impersonated excellently by Jimmy Sullivan. The finale was a pageant portraying the growth of the United States from the Revolutionary War up to the present time.

Although most of the parts were taken by Kiwanis Club members, several Pittsfield High students appeared in the show, and the band played before curtain time.

"THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE"

The annual P. H. S. operetta, which is sponsored by the senior class and directed by F. Carl Gorman is off to a fine start with an excellent cast. This year, "The Pirates of Penzance" by Gilbert and Sullivan is to make its second appearance on the Pittsfield High School stage, having previously been presented in 1941, when it proved highly successful. This should serve as a criterion for the Class of '49.

Joan Bates as Mabel and Robert Perkins as Frederic will portray the romantic leads. Abe Alpern as the pirate king and James McGill as Samuel will be the fierce and hardy pirates. Pomeroy Power will use his energetic force to oppose them as he is the Sergeant of Police. Howard Nonken is the comical Major-General Stanley, and Beverly Gallagher as Edith and June Wolliver as Kate will portray his lovely daughters. Last but not least, Mary Delaney will play the part of Ruth, the piratical maid of all work. They, along with the chorus and operetta orchestra, are practicing daily on the difficult and yet enjoyable task of making this production of "The Pirates of Penzance" the finest ever. The dates for presentation are February 11 and 12, 1949.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The Motion Picture Club has deeply felt the absence of its adviser, Miss E. Laura Hodges, who recently underwent an operation at the House of Mercy Hospital and is now convalescing at her home. During Miss Hodges's absence, Miss Frances Murphy is the club's adviser.

At the October meeting, pictures viewed during the month were discussed, Irma Bosma leading the discussion on "Blue Skies"; Valerie Crawford, on "Coroner's Creek"; and John Coughlin, on "To Each His Own".

This year the practice of rating pictures has been revived. "To Each His Own" was rated excellent, "Coroner's Creek" good, and "Blue Skies" fair.

THE OASIS

The Oasis has continued to be the favorite gathering spot of P. H. S. students every Saturday night. Crowds estimated at about five hundred congregate there weekly. The Oasis orchestra, under the direction of David Powell, and recordings by Stan Hood provide the music for dancing. However, there are a variety of activities for patrons who do not care to dance. Chess, checkers, ping-pong, and movies are only a few of them.

Plans are now underway for the launching of the S. S. '49, New Year's Eve ball, which is to be held December 31. Dancing will be from nine to one. The Oasis orchestra will play and there will be noisemakers, balloons, and fun for all! Plan to go.

If you haven't been to the Oasis, join the crowds and have fun at the OASIS. See you there next week, folks!

THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club, under the direction of Music Supervisor F. Carl Gorman has been practicing as usual every Wednesday after school.

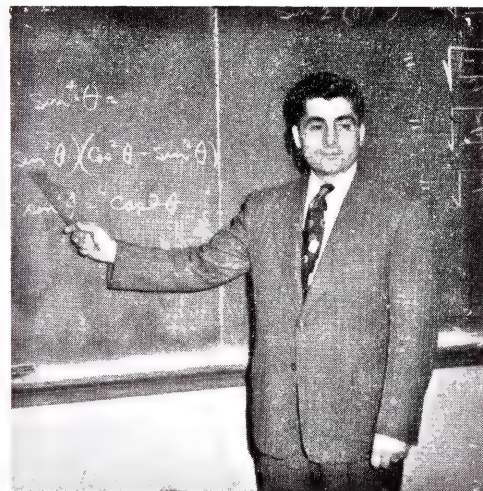
The girls have finished studying "On Wings of Music", by Felix Mendelssohn, and "Cradle Song", by A. Arensky. They are now working on "Glory to Isis" from the opera *Aida*.

The two capable pianists—Ann Wilde and Lillie Galiano are doing exceptionally well and the Glee Club is making good progress.

FACULTY ASSIGNMENTS

In October, Mr. Cornelius McMahon, science teacher, was appointed faculty director of sports at Pittsfield High School. He succeeds Mr. Harold Hennessey, who is now vice principal. Mr. McMahon will be responsible for such matters as tickets for the games and payment of bills.

With this new position, Mr. McMahon is unable to continue as sophomore boys' counsellor, so Mr. James Conroy, chemistry teacher, has been appointed to take his place.



CARMEN C. MASSIMIANO

MEET THE FACULTY

Students and members of the faculty, meet Mr. Carmen C. Massimiano, teacher of intermediate algebra and senior mathematics. Mr. Massimiano is a graduate of Pittsfield High School. He received his bachelor of arts degree at the University of Pennsylvania and his master's degree at North Adams State Teachers College. He also was engaged in graduate work at Harvard, Pennsylvania, and Ohio State Universities. While in the service, Mr. Massimiano was commanding general at the African division of the Air Transport Command. At the present, he is commanding officer of the 37th Air Engineer Squadron of the United States Air Force Reserve. Besides coaching the rifle team, he finds time for pyrotechnic chemistry (fire-works to you!) which is his hobby. He also enjoys all sports and likes to read. Your reporter found Mr. Massimiano a very interesting person and suggests that anyone who really wants to "meet the faculty" should become acquainted with him.

RADIO CLUB

Coralie Howe, P. H. S. '47, now of radio station WBEC, has originated a program, "Class Dismissed", for the benefit of the high school students. At a recent meeting of interested students from P. H. S. and St. Joe's, Howard Nonken was elected president. Every Monday night at 7.15 p. m. the group discusses a subject which has been suggested by other students. Transcriptions then are made for use on Tuesday evening, when the program goes on the air.

In addition to the discussion, there is music by famous orchestras and by local student musicians. Clubs or other high school organizations are free to send in items of interest as to their activities, past and future.

Anyone who wants to find out about life at the local high schools should tune in Tuesday night at 7.30 p. m. and listen to Coralie Howe give out with the news.

ASSEMBLIES

Conversation Concert, was the theme of Donald Scott Morrison's lecture on October 20. Mr. Morrison, who is a very talented pianist, gave impersonations of Fredrick Chopin, Claude De Bussey, and George Gershwin. The beautiful melody of Clair de Lune, was played by Mr. Morrison, along with Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," and the famous Chopin's Polonaise. These were just several of the many selections played. This concert was greatly enjoyed by the students, and Mr. Morrison will always be welcome at P. H. S. to play more of his wonderful music.

Walter C. Heffern, inspector of the safety education division of the Massachusetts Registry of Motor Vehicles, gave a short lecture, November 3, on safety, and showed the moving pictures, "Chance to Lose" and "Wanton Murder." The inspector's talk dealt mostly with the need for courtesy and consideration by both the pedestrian and the motorist. A great deal about safety was learned from this excellent lecture.

THE HI-Y ACTIVITIES

Now that the Tri Hi-Y clubs have completed the inductions and initiations of new members, they are busy planning their calendars for the year.

Alpha had a social with the Williamstown Hi-Y on November 19. This proved very successful. The club also had a swimming party at the Y.

Beta is planning to give an entertainment for some little children at Christmas. This has been done for several years past, and has been fun for the children and the members. Other events on their calendar are a social with Dalton Hi-Y and a hay ride.

Delta has a very busy calendar. As one of their service projects, two baskets of food and clothing will be made up for two needy families in this area. Betty McAnnany was named chairman of the sleigh ride, which is to be held on January 19, and Ann Moynihan was named chairman of the social with Williamstown Hi-Y. On November 19, a Mother-Daughter banquet was held under the chairmanship of Constance Douillet. This meeting proved to be fun for all, as the mothers had a chance to meet all the club members.

Gamma sponsored the annual "Victory Dance", which was held November 11. Anne Bossidy was chairman of this event, and she did an excellent job.

Sigma took the last chance at the Leap Year activities by holding a "Last Chance" dance on November 26. As is the custom, the girls were requested to pay for all expenses. The dance was under the chairmanship of Olga Totaro and Elaine Thebodo. Sigma is planning a sleigh ride for January.

Zeta is considering adopting a family in Europe. No definite plans have been made as yet, but the members are seriously trying to bring this project about. If it proves successful, the other clubs may follow Zeta's example. The club plans to conduct a carol sing at Christmas going from house to house. Zeta is one club intent on spreading good will.

HERE AND THERE

By Dolores Bernardo

Say, Mary Ellen, why is it that you only polish one finger nail when most girls polish all ten?

Mr. Murphy has quite the time breaking up the long line that forms at the drinking fountain every day outside of Room 138. Must be coke instead of water!

Still carrying that shoe in your pocket, Horace?

Did you all know that we had a newcomer to P. H. S.? She's Betty Langel from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Hope you like it here with us, Betty.

Henerosa Carmona looks mighty sharp in her new glasses. Horn-rimmed, and real nice!

Did you put your tooth under your pillow so that the fairies could bring you something nice, Bud?

Thank goodness Bob Siegel's arm is all better. Now he can really concentrate on eating again!

What boy signed the pink slip instead of the blue one upon entering the library? Shame, shame. (Must have been a soph).

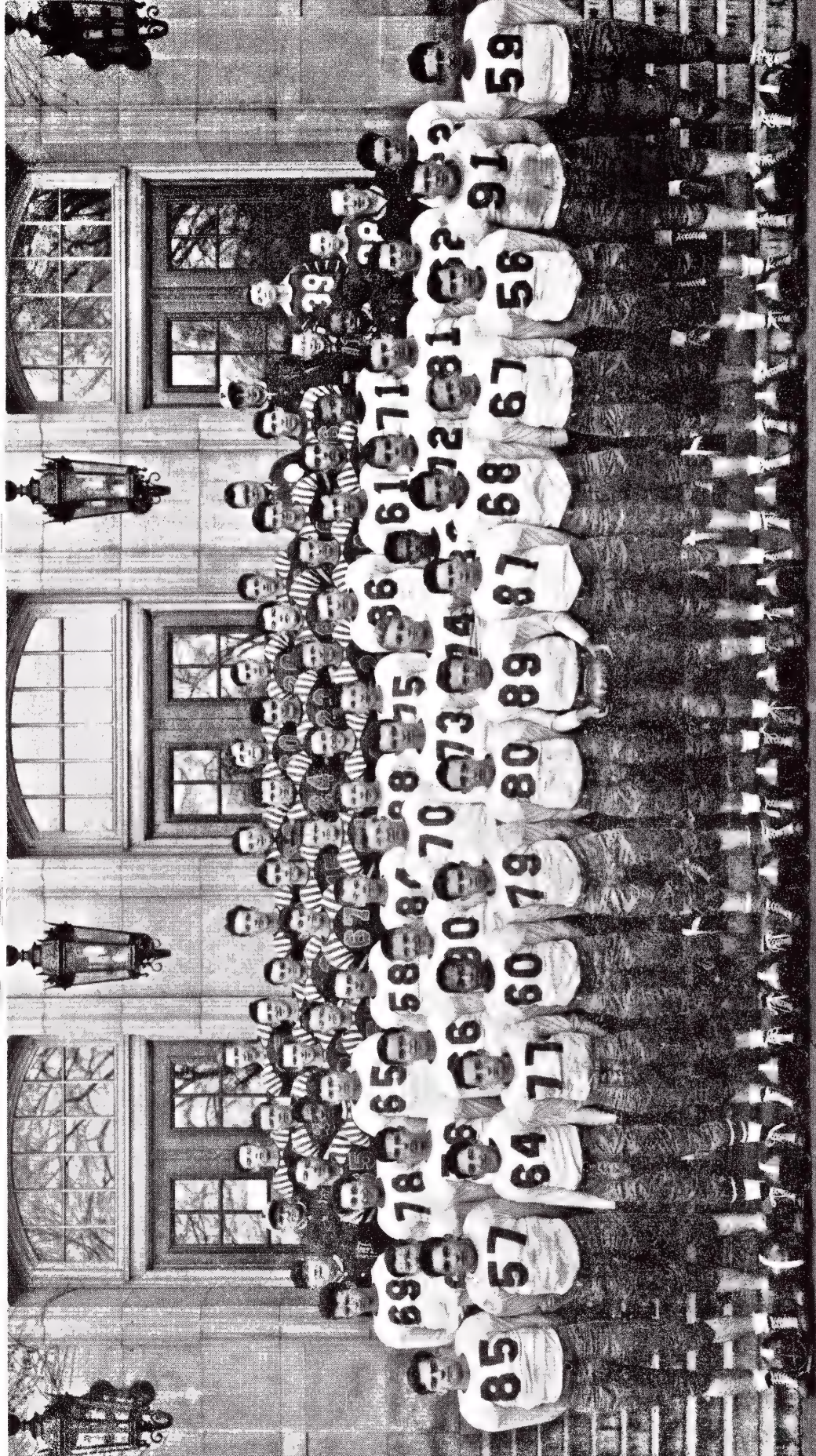
Some boys are still running around the school with a terrifying look in their eyes after being dragged by some heartless females to the "Last Chance Dance" held on November 28. So what, boys! Just think, now you won't have to worry for four long years!

P. H. S. was well represented on November 4 and 5, in the "Fun For All" show which was sponsored by Kiwanis for the purpose of securing uniforms for our band. Keep up the good work, kids!

Theresa Cianflone and Jeanette Cimini practically starve every day waiting in that long line in the cafeteria! Hungry, girls?

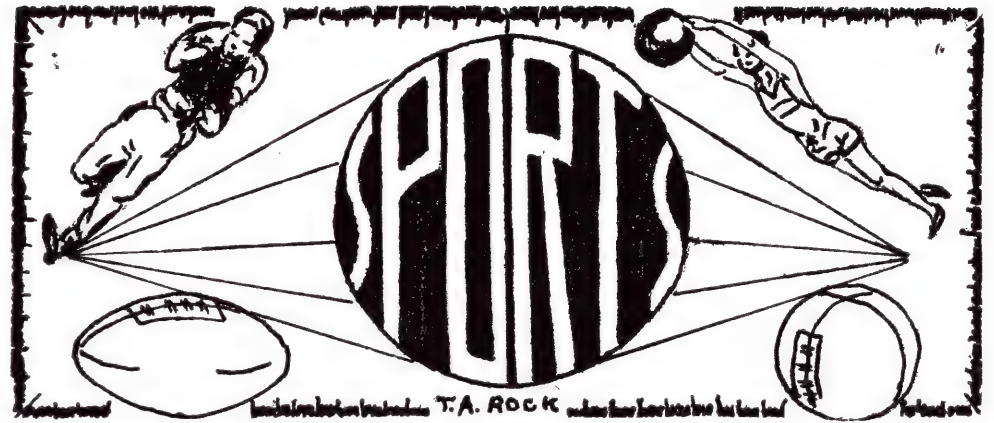
Johnny Perrone can certainly slick himself up! (Especially when he goes to church on Sunday). What cooks, John?

Lucia Quirico, have you found out yet who spilled that chocolate pudding in your hair a few weeks ago? Gooney, wasn't it?



1948 FOOTBALL SQUAD

Left to Right, Front Row: Keenble, Uhlig, Sacchetti, Principe, H. Williams, G. Turner, Brennan, Sondrini, Gregory, Farrell, Klimetz, Cullen, Danford, Dwyer.
 Second Row: W. Thompson, Firini, Straus, Grady, Dennis, Miller, Hart, Dunstan, Ginthwain, Falcowski, Keene, Perry.
 Third Row: Kordana, Lombardi, LaBarge, Leslie, Mazzer, J. Thompson, Ferdyn, Ross, Perrone, Morehead, Assistant Manager C. Hamilton, Manager T. Hamilton.
 Fourth Row: Coach Art Fox, Nugie, Read, Dow, Tatro, Brown, Skowron, Sutton, Abriel, Assistant Manager O'Neil, Assistant Manager Houle.
 Fifth Row: Backfield Coach Kowalski, Beauchaine, Avalue, Snook, Filkins, Comtois, Henriques, Mehos, O'Boyle, Pytko.
 Sixth Row: D. Williams, Turner, Wilde, Perrault, Morris, Soutier, Heidell, Doctor Wood, J. V. Coach Hickey.
 Absent: Line Coach Al Bianchi.



P. H. S. OVERWHELMS ST. JOSEPH'S By Jay Reder and Jim Cederstrom

Pittsfield High's football squad walloped St. Joseph's 40-0 in their annual Armistice Day meeting. This brought to a close one of Pittsfield's most successful seasons on the gridiron.

Pittsfield scored the second time it had its hands on the ball. Bud Turner raced thirty-five yards to the St. Joe two, and chugged over for the score on the next play. Moments later, Pittsfield added to its score as Johnny Perrone took a handoff from Horace Williams and thundered sixty-five yards to pay-dirt. Late in the period, Joe Principe fell upon a fumbled lateral on the three-yard line. Bobby Brennan bucked over as the second quarter began. Win Gregory returned a punt to the St. Joe 43 mid-way in the period, and running behind the second string line, capped the drive by going over from three yards out. The half time score was 27-0.

Using the "T" formation, Pittsfield was thwarted in their attempts to score in the third, but switching to the more familiar single-wing, they clicked for thirteen points in the final period.

Chunky Danford caught a pass from Turner and was hauled down by Jinx Principe close to the goal line. Williams went over standing up, three plays later. John "Radar" Farrell caught a pass from "Brass" Ross, and seconds later went over his own right guard for the TD.

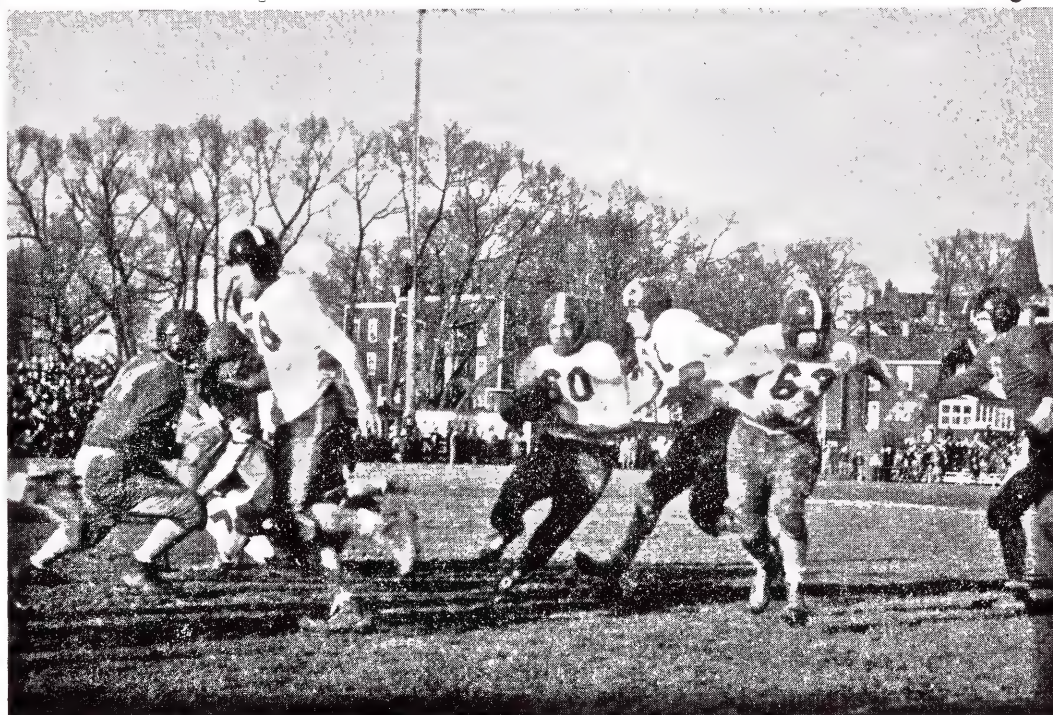
P. H. S. OVERWHELMS RUTLAND By Wayne Carley

Rutland High came down from the Green Mountain State of Vermont and was given a rousing welcome by the Purple and White gridmen. The final tally favored P. H. S. by the score of 27-6. Rutland was completely outclassed throughout the contest and managed to make only 33 yards by rushing. This was not due to Pittsfield's line play unfortunately, but to the pooriness of Rutland's backs. Rutland's one shining light was quarterback Jimmy Guild, whose left-handed passes set up the Vermonter's lone touchdown in the final stanza.

Pittsfield's first score came in the second period, when Bob Brennan pitched to Joe Principe, who, although short in stature, is a tower of strength at left-end. Joe snared the ball in the end-zone for six points. Sacchetti kicked and Pittsfield led 7-0.

Several minutes before the half ended, Pittsfield started another drive from their 10-yard line. Five plays netted 36 yards; then two rushes resulted in the loss of one yard. Brennan faded to throw another pass and hit George Cullen, a very capable end, on the 45. Cullen roared through several Rutlanders who laid hands on him, but that was all they managed to do. The kick was wide, and P. H. S. led 13-0 at the half.

In the third period, Rutland gambled on fourth down and failed, Pittsfield taking over on the Vermont 29. Two plays gained 5 yards. Then Horace Williams cut wide



ST. JOE vs. P. H. S., NOVEMBER 11

around and scored on a 24-yard jaunt. Sacchetti kicked the PAT.

Rutland then started their drive which culminated when Guild scored from the one. When P. H. S. received the kickoff, they started moving from the "T" formation. This series of plays covered 68 yards and ended when Ferdyn lateraled to Bud Turner, who went over for the score. Sacchetti, as usual, kicked and Pittsfield was the victor by the score of 27-6.

P. H. S. EDGES AGAWAM 13-7

By Wayne Carley

Tom Knight of Agawam had the misfortune of having two of his passes intercepted on October 30, and because of that, P. H. S. won 13-7.

Receiving the kick-off, Pittsfield drove up the field to the Brownie 38, Perrone doing the bulk of the carrying. A clipping penalty set Pittsfield back to their own 47. George

Turner then fumbled, with Balderelli, the Agawam center, recovering. On the next play George Farina sprinted around end for an apparent score. However, a clipping penalty was called against the Aggies and the play was nullified. They were forced to punt, Turner receiving on his 14 and bulling his way up to the 44. P. H. S. failed to gain, and "Brass" Ross kicked into the Brownie end-zone. Starting from the 20, Agawam moved almost 60 yards in a sustained drive. But on the P. H. S. 20, Knight faded back to pass, and the Pittsfield line came pouring in to block the throw. Al Uhlig gathered the ball in and traveled to Agawam's 19. Williams picked up 5 yards and Perrone 7 for a first down on the 7. After two downs were used, Perrone roared over from the 4. Sacchetti kicked, and P. H. S. led at the half.

In the third period it was all Agawam. They picked up yardage at will but failed to tally. When the quarter ended, they were

on the Pittsfield 16. At the start of the final period, Knight fired a pass to Jenks for the score. Knight's pass to Ed Johnson was good for the extra point and the score was tied.

After the kick-off, the Fox-men failed to get anywhere and Ross punted. On the first scrimmage play, Dick Daglio ripped for a first down. He then proceeded to run to the 50 for another. Knight again tried to pass. Bud Turner intercepted it and ran for the TD. Pittsfield—13, Agawam—7.

PITTSFIELD UPENDS CATHEDRAL 27-20

By Jay Reder and Jim Cederstrom

Taking full advantage of two fumbles and a blocked kick, Pittsfield returned to the victory trail on October 22, defeating Cathedral of Springfield 27 to 20.

James "Chunky" Danford scored the first of the game's seven touchdowns when he alertly snatched a fumble by Pete Pashko out of the air and lumbered 23 yards for the TD. Automatically Tony Sacchetti kicked the PAT. Cathedral retaliated immediately. Halfback Frank Korb returned the kick-off to his own forty-seven-yard line. Six plays later, Gene Trace scored from four yards out. DiMaso booted the extra point.

Early in the second period Pittsfield regained its lead. End Don Morehead began the drive by returning the kick-off to the Pittsfield forty-two. It was Morehead again, who scored seconds later on a pass from Bud Turner. Sacchetti's extra point attempt was wide, but Pittsfield led at the half by the score of 13-6.

Shortly after the second half began, Trace again scored, this time from the one. Bob Lyman plunged through for the extra point, putting Cathedral ahead—14-13. Ends Charlie Falcowski and Joe Principe blocked one of Trace's punts late in the third period, and the Purple took over on the twenty-seven-yard line of Cathedral. It was here that fullback Johnny Perrone showed the crowd

of over 4000 his prowess. "Big Jawn" bulled through the middle of the line for 27 yards and a TD. Sacchetti's kick put Pittsfield ahead 20-14. The Purple extended their lead moments later on a pass from Bobby Brennan to Morehead, who lateraled to Win Gregory. The latter romped twenty-five yards for a score. Tony's kick rang the bell.

DRURY UPSETS P. H. S. 13 to 0

By Jay Reder and Jim Cederstrom

Pittsfield High's football squad was knocked from the ranks of the undefeated, Friday night, October 15, by an inspired Drury eleven. Led by Kenneth (Biggy) Casperson and Fred Zepka, the North Adams team completely dominated the play.

Drury won the toss and elected to receive. After making two first downs, they were forced to punt. Casperson's superb kick went out of bounds on the Pittsfield two-yard line. Held for two plays by the forward wall of their opponents, the "Purple" were forced to punt. Casperson received the punt at midfield and ran it back to the Pittsfield 44. Twelve plays later Zepka went off tackle from the one-yard line for the score. The extra point attempt was short.

"Jarring Jawn" Perrone took the 2nd half kick-off on his own 10 and thundered down the side lines to the 48-yard line, where he fumbled. Halfback Win Gregory, however, recovered. Drury's defense stiffened, and P. H. S. was halted on the 35. Drury then took over and proceeded to march toward its second T. D. This drive was highlighted by a pass-lateral play from Zepka to Casperson to center Bill Bakey. Two plays later, Jack Hillard snacked over from the four. The point after touchdown was unusual. In position to kick, Casperson flipped a pass to end Joe Magnifico, who was all alone in the end-zone.

Fumbles hurt Pittsfield's chances to score. It seemed that whenever a score was probable, a bobble appeared.



1948 CHAMPION FIELD HOCKEY TEAM

Courtesy of George Henzel

Left to right: P. Lisi, A. Vaughan, N. Fitch, K. Nicola, O. Totaro, Capts. Ilene and Irene' Zajchowski, E. Paduano, N. Knoblock, N. Carossa, C. Beroldi.

TOURNAMENT SCORES

Sophomores	3—Juniors	1
Seniors	5—Sophomores	0
Seniors	5—Juniors	2
Juniors	4—Sophomores	3
Seniors	5—Sophomores	1

A NEW FAD

While the excitement of field hockey is slowly waning, another important sport picks up the dragging strings of enthusiasm,

as volleyball gets under way. Broken fingernails are forgotten as all classes start practice. The red hands that will be seen will not be dishpan red, but a red that can only be obtained by banging a volleyball. The seniors, as usual, look promising. The undergraduates' spirits have not been dulled by the outcome of field hockey; in fact, they are turning out stronger than ever. All classes are determined to take the volleyball championship.



ADVICE FOR SOPHOMORES

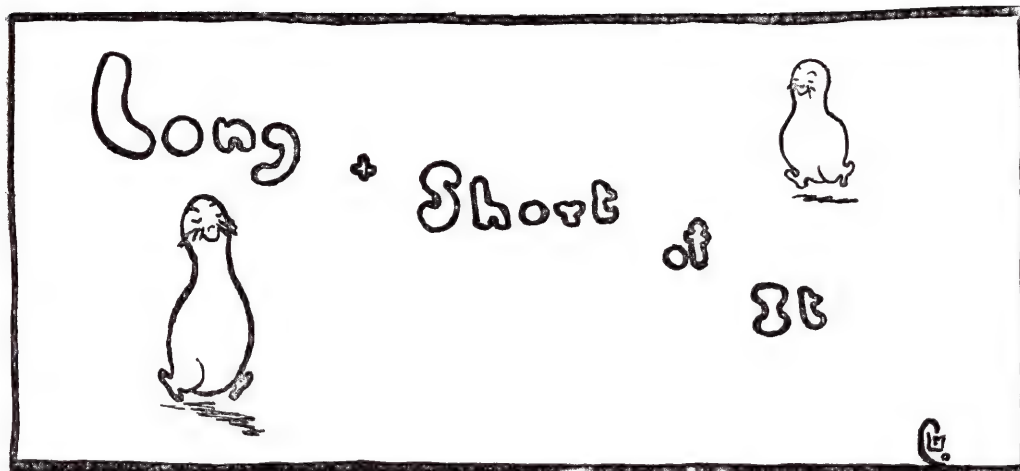
Here is a list of do's and don't's to help (??) our sophs through their first year.

DO

1. Go by our traffic officers, not *through* them. They are there for your safety, but think of theirs, too!
2. Keep your voices down to a college cheer, as we dignified seniors do.
3. Call Coach Fox "Curley" and Mr. Hennessey "Turk"—we're not saying they like it, though.
4. Be quiet when Mr. Gorman flashes "those" looks in Assembly.

DON'T

1. Save seats in the auditorium. Remember, we were here first!!!
 2. Use the elevators as taxis to your third floor classes.
 3. Dissect your fingers in biology. Any resemblance between them and worms is purely coincidental.
 4. Run in the halls. That body you just stepped over may have been your best friend!
- If you follow these simple instructions, you'll overcome most of the hazards of sophomore year and in time you'll be a junior.



Joan Martin (playfully): "Let me chew your gum."

Mac McCarthy (even more playfully): "Upper or lower?"

Ginny Pratt: "I'm not myself tonight."

Harold Agar: "Swell, we ought to have a fine time."

Miss Millet: "What does 'hors de combat' mean?"

Chas. Jones: "Hors de combat means a warhorse."

Mr. Geary: "Nash, you're so dense you probably don't even know the meaning of 'trigonometry'."

K. Nash: "Oh, yeh? Trigonometry is when you marry three wives at the same time."

L. Marchetti (buying ticket to victory dance). "Is this formal, or can I wear my own clothes?"

Paul Bousquet: "I hate women, and I'm glad I hate 'em, 'cause if I didn't hate 'em, I'd like 'em, and I hate 'em."

1st sophomore: "I spent last summer in the cutest town in Switzerland."

2nd sophomore: "Berne?"

1st sophomore: "Nope, darn near froze."

M. Brown: "Say, Ed, how many studies are you carrying?"

Ed Kanter: "I'm carrying one, and dragging four."

John Coughlin (at 1 A. M.): "Will your mother hit the ceiling when you come in this late?"

Chas. Jones: "Probably. She's a rotten shot."

The following is the opinion of Martha Ransford:

"One man in a thousand is a leader of men. All others follow women."

Mr. Gorman (To operetta cast): "Tell me, young people, what is the best gargle for a singer to use?"

Moose McGill: "Airwick"?

Miss Kaliher: "How do people become American citizens?"

Frank Blefari: "When they're born in the United States, or, if they're foreigners, they can be neutralized."

Mr. Gorman (to Pommy Power): "Tell me, Sonny, how can you be so stupid?"

Howie Nonken: "Go ahead, tell him."

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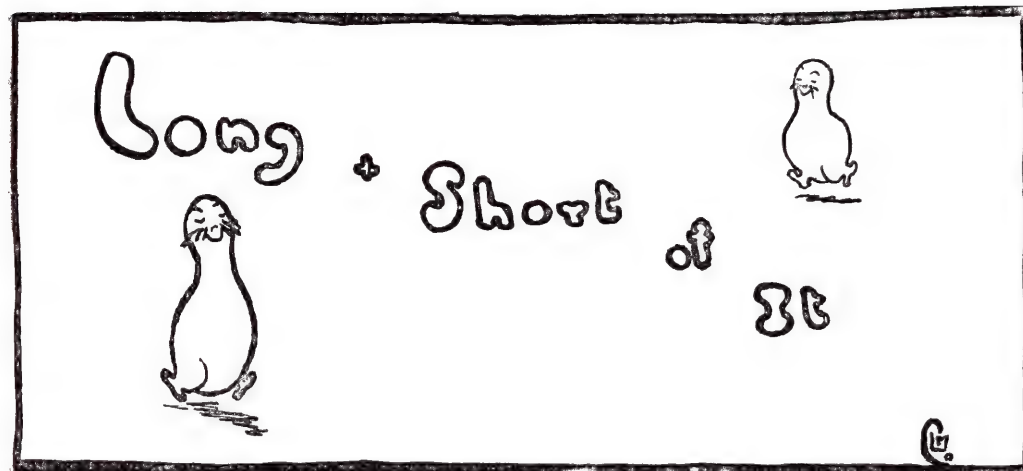
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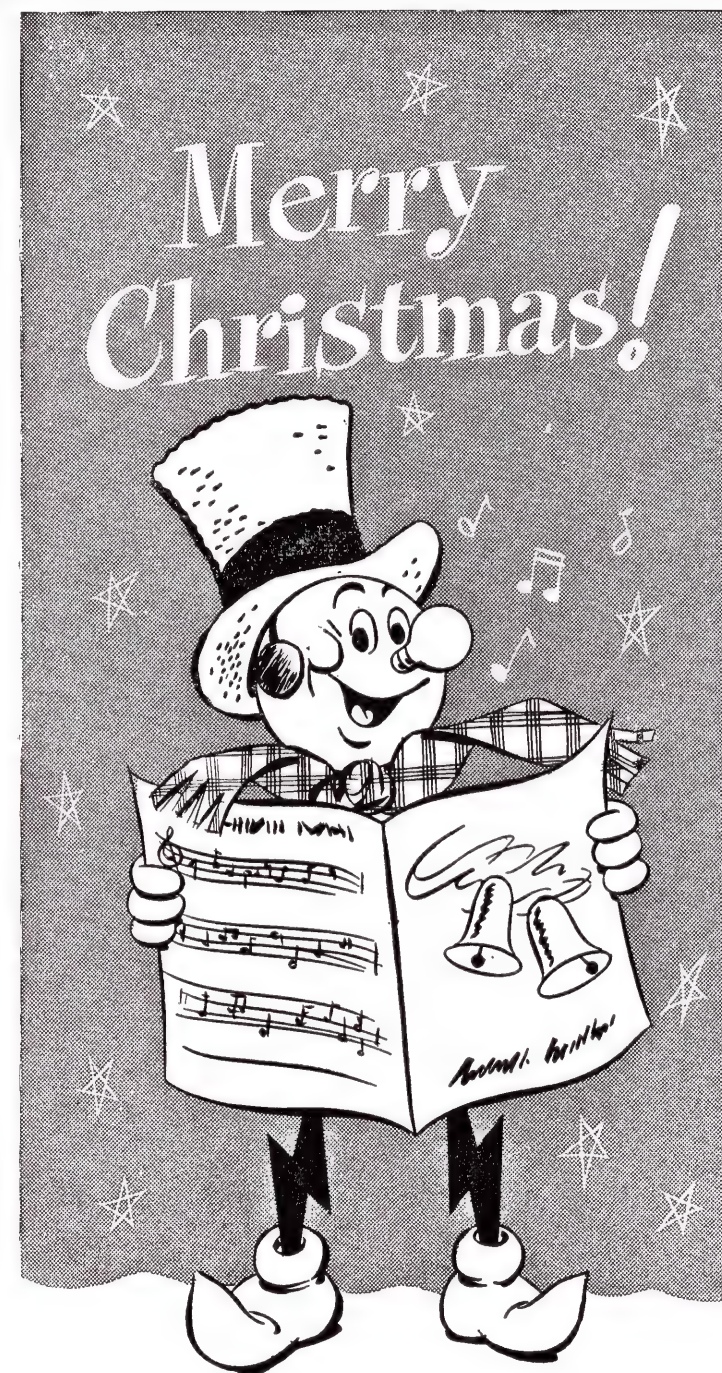
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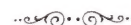
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